

# The Mirror

OF

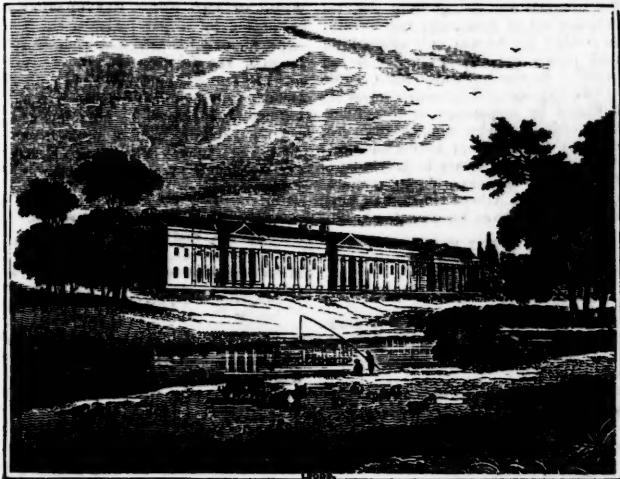
LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 418.]

SATURDAY, MARCH 6, 1830.

[PRICE 2d.

## East India College, Haileybury.



(From a Correspondent.)

THIS College was instituted about two-and-twenty years since, by the Honourable East India Company for the education of young men, destined for the civil service in British India. It is pleasantly situated on a rising ground at Haileybury, between the towns of Hertford and Hoddesdon, and is about twenty miles from London. The building itself is not handsome, with the exception of the front, which our Engraving represents. It is faced with Portland stone, and certainly has a beautiful appearance. The view from this front, called also the Terrace, is extensive and varied. The College affords accommodation for 100 students. It is conducted nearly on the same principles as the Universities, and about 60 young men leave annually for their several destinations in India. Sixteen is the age at which they are first admitted, and at eighteen they leave the College as writers.

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No civil servant can quit England before eighteen, or after two-and-twenty. Examinations take place twice in the year, when medals and other honourable distinctions are distributed on a more liberal scale than at any other college in England; the spirit of emulation produced by the prizes, &c. is indeed surprising.

There is an excellent library belonging to the college, which is open for the use of the students, and towards which each of whom subscribes ten guineas, on his leaving England. The Oriental Languages are studied with great success; difficult and indeed almost incomprehensible as they appear at first, it is astonishing how comparatively easy they may be rendered by diligence and application. The professors, six in number, besides the principal, have houses within the college walls; they are all men of great ability, and well known in the literary world.

C. W.

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## ANTIQUITIES OF WESTMINSTER.

(For the Mirror.)

UNITED to London as Westminster now is, and covered with hundreds of houses, few people imagine that this populous place was once an island divided from the mainland by a branch of the Thames, and originally denominated Thorney Island, from its being entirely overgrown with thorns and brambles. It was first joined to the mainland by Matilda, Queen of Henry I., who built a bridge over the river in King-street, at the east end of Gardener's-lane. The first house in Westminster, according to Stow, was Durham House, built by Thomas Hatfield, bishop of that see. Pennant, however, says, it was originally erected by Anthony de Beck, in the reign of Edward I.; on the site of this house stands the present Adelphi. In the time of Elizabeth there were but few houses, chiefly consisting of inns for the accommodation of people who had suits in the courts of law, and poor cottages with small gardens. The antiquity of the Palace of Westminster is uncertain, but Stow mentions that Edward the Confessor resided and died in it. This ancient edifice originally formed the east and south sides of Old Palace Yard. Its east side contained the Court of Requests, the Painted Chamber, the old House of Lords, the Prince's Chamber, and many nameless old apartments adjoining. Those on the south cannot now be ascertained, as no remnant is in existence. After being left in a ruinous state for years, it is said to have been inhabited by Queen Elizabeth, and the inner room in which the Court of Exchequer sits, is reported to have been her bedchamber. The outer room at the top of the steps from Westminster Hall, is said to have been used by the queen as a concert or breakfast room. At the upper end of the hall was a marble table or bench, 19 feet long, and 3 feet broad. The Court of King's Bench having been built over them, search was made for these relics in the commencement of the present century, but without success. The title of Court of King's Bench is supposed to have been derived from this marble table. Formerly the only coach road to the houses of parliament was in so miserable a condition, that fagots were thrown into the ruts on the days the king went to parliament, to render the passage of the state carriage easier. At the end of St. Margaret's-street, in Old Palace Yard, stood the ancient brick

buildings called Heaven and Purgatory; within the precincts of Purgatory was preserved the ducking stool, employed by the Burgesses of Westminster for the punishment of scolds. The angry lady was strapped in a chair, fastened by an iron pin to one end of a long pole, suspended in the middle by a lofty trestle, which being placed on the shore of the Thames, allowed the terrified culprit to be immersed in the river; when the lady's temper was supposed to be cooled by a few plunges, she was exposed, dripping and humbled, to the laugh of her neighbours. What would our modern Xantippes think of such a summary method of restoring peace and harmony?  
M. B. H.

## FATAL EFFECTS OF EXCESSIVE JOY AND FEAR.

(For the Mirror.)

"Some have been wounded with conceit,  
And dy'd of mere opinion straight."  
*Hudibras.*

BUTLER, in his notes to *Hudibras*, says, "Remarkable are the effects both of fear and joy." A trial of the former kind was made upon a condemned malefactor, in the following manner:—a dog was by surgeons let blood, and suffered to bleed to death before him; the surgeons talking all the while, and describing the gradual loss of blood, and of course a gradual faintness of the dog, occasioned thereby; and just before the dog died, they said unanimously, now he is going to die. They told the malefactor that he was to be bled to death in the same way; and accordingly blindfolded him, and tied up his arm, then one of them thrust a lancet into his arm, but purposely missed the vein; however, they soon began to describe the poor man's gradual loss of blood, and of course a gradual faintness occasioned thereby; and just before the supposed minute of his death, the surgeons said unanimously, now he dies. The malefactor thought all this was real, and died by mere conceit, though he had not lost above twenty drops of blood."—See *Athenian Oracle*. Almost as remarkable was the case of the Chevalier Jarre, "who was upon the scaffold at Troyes, had his hair cut off, the handkerchief before his eyes, and the sword in the executioner's hand to cut off his head; but the king pardoned him; being taken up, his fear had so taken hold of him that he could not stand nor speak; they led him to bed and opened a vein, but no blood would come."—*Lord Stafford's Letters*, vol. i. p. 166. There are three

remarkable instances of persons whose hair suddenly turned; one from red to white, upon the apprehension that they should be put to death." (*Mr. Daniel Turner's Book, De Morbis Cutaneis*, chap. xii. 3rd edit. 1726, page 163, 164. See *Spectator*, No. 615, on the subject, Fear.) "Nay, if my memory fails me not, there are accounts to be met with in history, of persons who have dropped down dead before an engagement, and before the discharge of one gun. An excess of joy has been attended sometimes with as bad an effect. The Lady Poynts (in the year 1563,) by the ill usage of her husband, had almost lost her sight, her hearing, and her speech; which she recovered in an instant, upon a kind letter from Queen Elizabeth; but her joy was so excessive, that she died immediately after kissing the queen's letter."—*Strype's Annals of Queen Elizabeth*, vol. i. page 239. 2nd edit. "No less remarkable was the case of one Ingram, upon a large unexpected accession of fortune."—See *Lord Stafford's Letters*, vol. i. page 509.

And Mr. Fenton observes upon those lines of Mr. Waller,

"Our guilt preserves us from excess of joy,  
Which scatters spirits, and would life destroy,"

"That Mr. Oughtred, the famous mathematician, expired in a transport of joy, upon hearing that the parliament had addressed the king to return to his dominions."—*Observations on Waller's Poems*, page 67. Many are the instances of this kind in ancient history, as that of Polycrata, a noble lady in the Island of Naxos; Phillippides, a comic poet; and Diagoras, the Rhodian, &c.

P. T. W.

### THE AMERICAN ALOE, &c.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

Guernsey, Jan. 1830.

I FEEL it my duty to correct the statement, "It is no fable that the aloe grows about one hundred years before it blooms," contained in the number for Nov. 7, 1829, page 296, and to prove that it is a fable; for it has been my good fortune to witness eight in full bloom within the last fifteen years, and I can confidently assert that they were all under fifty years of age. They are commonly planted here in front of genteel houses, and there are two at present in bloom in the open air, without any shelter whatever. The first I ever saw blossomed in 1814; it was but thirty-six years old; and although it

had produced but few leaves annually, during that period, in the short space of three months it attained the height of 21 feet, with 39 flower tufts exclusive of the top, which contained the immense number of 6,675 buds. It began to blossom in August, and continued until the end of November; it measured 27,770 cubic inches.

As I have proved in this instance that "no fable" is a fable, I shall proceed to prove that the "mere fable" is no fable, respecting the impossibility of toads existing in this island, noticed by A. Sutherland, Esq., in his *Notes of a Tour in the Island of Jersey*. There have been several brought here at different times, but they seldom live a fortnight, unless kept as lizards are, in a box, and then they may survive for two or three months, but not longer.

*En passant*, I fully agree with the writer of the letter, communicated by Mr. Hogg, page 316, wherein he states these animals (meaning Ourang Outangs) have this "peculiarity," that "when they are running down hill, they walk upright like a human being." It is a peculiarity indeed.

H. W.

### The Anecdote Gallery.

#### ROBERT THE DEVIL.

THE marvellous life and adventures of Robert le Diable, who was afterwards a man of worth, as the old chronicles affirm, have proved a mine of wealth to theatrical adapters: we have seen this devil in human shape, by turns the hero of melo-drama and comic opera.

According to the wondrous traditions handed down in the aforesaid old chronicles and the popular ballads of the time, little Robert came into the world, like crook-backed Glo'ster, "with his feet foremost," and "the women cried, Heaven bless us! he is born with teeth!" When he came to man's estate, Robert, instead of fasting and praying, caroused, and drank, and swore, and dined, and fought; wheedled fair ladies, and mocked at reverend friars, who, by way of retaliation, excommunicated him with bell, book, and candle, and other ceremonies in use among the holy fathers when the thunders of the church were to be levelled against incorrigible sinners. In process of time, Robert became a brigand, "of indifferent fame;" and among other exploits, one summer's morning, cut off the heads of seven hermits. So much for the *diablerie* of the story: now for the moral and edifying portion. Robert, as the legend continues, though without any clear infor-

mation as to the why or the wherefore —Robert at last betrayed symptoms of grace and amendment: he began by preaching to his companions on the evil of their ways; but, as the obdurate knaves were deaf to his exhortations, he commenced his career of practical piety by knocking them on the head. He then begirt his loins with sackcloth, rolled himself in ashes, and filled his shoes with peas; detractors say that he took the precaution to boil them. After much time spent in prayer and fasting, and mortification, and occasional flagellations, he visited a holy pilgrim, who enjoined him to do penance for his past ungodliness by counterfeiting dumbness, and feeding with swine and other unclean animals. Robert obeyed, and modestly took up his abode with the hogs belonging to a certain emperor, who in those days lived in Italy, and who, as the legend moreover says, had a charming daughter named Emmeline. Now, by a strange coincidence, it happened that fair Emmeline was dumb from her birth—not in the way of penance, like our incipient saint, but dumb in downright earnest; and Robert, when he had eaten his fill of bean-husks and other dainties, indulged himself in gazing on the imperial maiden as she combed out her golden locks in the clear moonlight; for such, says the legend, was her wont. It chanced also that an arrogant monarch of those days advanced with 30,000 Saracens against the emperor, who, God help him, could muster no more than 10,000 good men and true. And Robert was one day drinking, quite in a patriarchal way, from a clear fountain, when a miraculous voice exclaimed to him—"Arise, Robert, take this horse, this white armour, and this lance, and smite the Saracens." And Robert arose, seized his lance, mounted his charger, and rode into the thick of the fray, where he laid lustily about him, much after his ancient ungodly fashion. And the Saracens were routed, horse, foot, and dragoons; and after the victory, Robert returned to his fountain, and quietly betook himself to the society of his old friends the swine. The legend then tells (for observe, I myself have nothing to do with the tale)—the legend, I say, tells how Emmeline recovered her speech, and how the white knight was discovered at a family dinner with the hogs, and how the Pope united him to Emmeline, and how Robert bade good bye to his father-in-law, the emperor, and turned his steps towards Rouen, where his piety caused his days to be "long in the land," and obtained him

the honours of canonization after his decease. Somehow the unlucky *sobriquet* of *Le Diable* stuck to him during his life, and even after his death, when his spirit was seen, on moonlight nights, dancing on the top of an old tower with the spirits of the seven hermits he had slain. There is positively no getting rid of a bad name.—*Foreign Lit. Gaz.*

#### NAPOLEON.

A SUSPENSION of arms was granted by Napoleon after the battle of Austerlitz, and an interview took place between him and the Emperor of Austria. Napoleon had caused a fire to be kindled in his bivouac; and on meeting the emperor, said, "I receive you in the only palace I have lived in for two months." "The good living you have derived from it ought to make it agreeable to you," replied the Austrian monarch, with a smile.

The archdeacon Lucien, Napoleon's great uncle, being at the point of death, assembled the family around him, to take leave of them. Joseph, Jerome yet an infant, Louis, Lucien, and his sisters, are in tears: Napoleon, with his eyes fixed on his expiring uncle, as if wishing to be insensible to the grief around him, and the loss he was about to sustain. All at once, the dying man seemed to collect his strength, and seizing the hand of Joseph, "You are the oldest of the family," said he, with a feeble voice; "but always recollect that he" (pointing to Napoleon) "is the head."

During the siege of Saint Jean d'Acre, while Napoleon was in the trenches, a shell fell at his feet, and one of the corps of guides threw himself between him and the shell, and shielded the general with his body. Luckily the shell did not explode. At the moment, forgetful of the danger, Napoleon started up, exclaiming, "What a soldier!" This brave man was afterwards General Dumenil, who lost a leg at Wagram, and who was governor of Vincennes to 1814; whose laconic reply to the Russian summons to surrender, was, "Give me my leg, and I will give you the place."

Followed by three or four officers, Napoleon was crossing the *halle* to return to the Tuileries, without being saluted by the acclamations his presence was wont to excite; an old woman cried out to him, "He must make peace." "My good lady," said the emperor, smiling, "sell your greens, and leave those concerns to me: every one to his trade." A loud and continued hurra was the consequence.—*Ibid.*

## Spirit of Discovery.

### CHRONOLOGICAL TABLE

#### *Of the principal Geographical Discoveries of Modern European Nations.*

861—*Feroe Islands*, discovered about this time by a Scandinavian vessel.

871—*Iceland*, discovered by some Norwegian chiefs, who were compelled to leave their native country. According to some accounts, it had been visited before this, by a Scandinavian pirate, Naddodd.

950—*Greenland*, discovered by the Icelanders about this period. The first colony established there was destroyed by a pestilence in the 14th century, and by the accumulation of ice, which prevented all communication between Iceland and Greenland.

1001—*Winenland*, a part of the continent of America, is supposed to have been discovered by the Icelanders. It was called *Winenland*, or *Vinland*, from the abundance of a species of vine found there. The Icelandic chronicles are full and minute respecting this discovery.

1344—*Madeira*. The discovery of this island is attributed to an Englishman, Robert Macham; it was revisited in 1419, by Juan Gonzalez and Tristan Vaz, Portuguese.

1345—*Canary Isles*, discovered by some Genoese and Spanish seamen, having been known to the ancients.

1364—*Guinea*, the coast of, discovered by some seamen of Dieppe, about this period.

1418—*Porto Santo*, discovered by Vaz and Zarco, Portuguese.

1419—*Madeira*, discovered by the same navigators. It was first called *St. Lawrence*, after the Saint's day on which it was seen; and subsequently *Madeira*, on account of its woods.

1434—*Cape Bojador*, or *Nun*, doubled for the first time by the Portuguese.

1440-1445—*Senegal River*, discovered by the Portuguese.

1446—*Cape Verd*, discovered by Denis Fernandez, a Portuguese.

1448—*Azores Islands*, discovered by Gonzallo Vello, a Portuguese.

1449—*Cape Verd Islands*, discovered by Antonio de Noli, a Genoese in the service of Portugal.

1471—*Island of St. Thomas*, under the Equator, discovered.

1484—*Congo*, discovered by the Portuguese, under Diego Cam.

1486—*Cape of Good Hope*, discovered by Bartholomew Diaz. It was originally called "The Cape of Tempests," and was also named "The Lion of the

Sea," and "The Head of Africa." The appellation was changed by John II., King of Portugal, who augured favourably of future discoveries from Diaz having reached the extremity of Africa.

1492—*Lucayos* (or *Bahama*) *Islands*. These were the first points of discovery by Columbus. *San Salvador*, one of these islands, was first seen by this great navigator, on the night of the 11th or 12th of October, in this year.—*Cuba*, *Island of*, *Hispaniola*, or *St. Domingo*, discovered by Columbus in his first voyage.

1493—*Jamaica*, *St. Christopher's*, *Dominica*, discovered by Columbus in his second voyage.

1497—*Cape of Good Hope*, doubled by Vasco di Gama, and the passage to India discovered.

1497—*Newfoundland*, discovered by John Cabot, who first called it *Prima Vista* and *Baccalaos*. The title of *Prima Vista* still belongs to one of its capes, and an adjacent island is still called *Baccalaos*.

1498—*Continent of America*, discovered by Columbus.—*Malabar Coast of*, discovered by Vasco di Gama.—*Mozambique*, *Island of*, discovered by Vasco di Gama.

1499—*America, Eastern Coasts of*, discovered by Ojéde and Amerigo Vespucci. (It is contended by some that this preceded by a year the discovery of the American Continent by Columbus.)

1500—*Brazil*, discovered 24th April, by Alvarez de Cabral, a Portuguese, who was driven on its coast by a tempest. He called it the Land of the Holy Cross. It was subsequently called *Brazil*, on account of its red wood; and was carefully explored by Amerigo Vespucci, from 1500 to 1504.

1501—*Labrador and River St. Lawrence*, discovered by Cortezal, who sailed from Lisbon on a voyage of discovery for the Portuguese.

1502—*Gulf of Mexico*. Some of the shores of this Gulf explored by Columbus on his last voyage.—*St. Helena*, the *Island of*, discovered by Jean de Nova, a Portuguese.

1506—*Ceylon*, discovered by the Portuguese. Ceylon was known to the Romans in the time of Claudius.

1506—*Madagascar*, *Island of*, discovered by Tristan de Cunha, and revisited by the Portuguese navigator Fernandez Pereira, in 1508. This island was first called *St. Lawrence*, having been discovered on the day of that Saint.

1508—*Canada*, visited by Thomas Aubert; known before to fishermen, who had been thrown there by a tem-

pest. — *Ascension Isle*, discovered by Tristan du Cunha. — *Sumatra, Island of*, discovered by Siqueyra, a Portuguese.

1511 — *Sumatra*, more accurately examined by the Portuguese. — *Molucca Isles*, discovered by the Portuguese. — *Sunda Isles*, discovered by Abrew, a Portuguese.

1512 — *Maldives*. A Portuguese navigator, wrecked on these islands, found them in occasional possession of the *Arabians*. — *Florida*, discovered by Ponce de Leon, a Spanish navigator.

1513 — *Borneo and Java*. The Portuguese became acquainted with these islands.

1513 — *South Sea*. The Great Ocean was discovered this year from the mountains of Darien, by Nugnez de Balboa, and subsequently navigated by Magellan. The supposition of the New World being part of India now ceased.

1515 — *Peru*, discovered by Perez de la Rúa.

1516 — *Rio Janeiro*, discovered by Dias de Solis.

1516 — *Rio de la Plata*, discovered by the same.

1517 — *China*, discovery of, by sea, by Fernand Perez d'Andrada.

1517 — *Bengal*, discovered by some Portuguese, thrown on the coast by a tempest.

1518 — *Mexico*, discovered by the Spaniards. Conquered by Cortez in 1519.

1519 — *Magellan, Straits of*, passed by Magellan with a fleet of discovery, fitted out by the Emperor Charles V. The first voyage round the world was undertaken by this navigator; and his vessel performed the enterprise, although the commander perished.

1520 — *Terra del Fuego*, discovered by Magellan.

1521 — *Ladrone Islands*, discovered by Magellan.

1521 — *Philippines*. This archipelago, discovered by Magellan, who lost his life here in a skirmish.

1524 — *New France*. The first voyage of discovery made by the French, under Francis I., one of whose ships, after reaching Florida, coasted along as far as 50 degrees north latitude, and gave to this part the name of New France.

1524 — *North America*, travelled over from Florida to Newfoundland by Verrazzani, a Florentine, in the service of France.

1525 — *New Holland*, discovered by the Portuguese about this time. This immense tract was for some time neglected by Europeans, but was visited by the Dutch, at various periods, from 1619 to 1644. This fine country is now

colonized by the English, and every year adds something to our knowledge of its extent and its peculiarities.

1527 — *New Guinea*, discovered by Saavedra, a Spaniard, sent from Mexico, by Cortez.

1530 — *Guinea*, the first voyage to, made by an English ship, for elephants' teeth.

1534 — *Canada*, visited by Cortier, of St. Malo; a settlement having previously been made in 1523, by Verrazzani, who took possession in the name of Francis I. of France.

1535 — *California*, discovered by Cortez.

1537 — *Chili*, discovered by Diego de Almagro, one of the conquerors of Peru.

1541 — *Labrador*, discovered by a French engineer, Alphonze.

1541 — *India*, the first English ship sailed to, for the purpose of attacking the Portuguese.

1542 — *Japan*, discovered by the Portuguese, Antonie de Meta and Antonie de Peyxoto, who were cast by a tempest on its coasts.

1545 — *Potosi, Mines of*, discovered by the Spaniards.

1552 — *Spitzbergen*, observed by the English, but mistaken for part of Greenland. Visited by Barentz, a Dutch navigator, in search of a north-east passage, in 1596.

(To be continued.)

## Fine Arts.

MR. HAYDON'S PICTURES OF EUCLIDES, AND PUNCH.

A CLEVER contemporary has termed these pictures the high tragedy and low farce of painting. This distinction is, in part correct; since it would be difficult to select a more touching episode from history than the Death of Euclides; so far the definition holds good: but the picture of Punch is not merely low farce, as we think we can show in contrasting the breadth of its humour with a few of the more sober accessories of the scene.

### The Death of Euclides.

The subject is taken from one of the most brilliant epochs in Athenian history, and, as Mr. Haydon observes in his "Description," the particular moment hinges on a disputed passage."

"Plutarch says Euclides rushed from the battle of Marathon, as soon as the victory was decided; ran wounded and exhausted as he was, to the city, and appeared in arms and heated, — "vals



"*ὦ δαίμων τῶν προσηγμένων*"—shouting, "Hail, we triumph!" and dropped instantly dead. The Greek professor of Oxford thinks *τῶν προσηγμένων* means the chief magistrates or primates; the Greek professor of Cambridge thinks it refers to the first houses he came to; and thus the most eminent scholars differing as to the exact meaning, I have taken the liberty of supposing that he ran to the houses of the first magistrates to announce the victory; and then, his feeling reverting to his family, that he rushed to his own house, and dropped dead just as he reached the threshold—huzzaing as he fell!

"This is the moment selected. In the centre is EUCLES pale, wounded, and dying:—his eye half closed—the hand which holds the shield relaxing—his limbs tottering, and, the honour of the soldier stimulating him to the last, he grasps with dying energy the broken Persian standard he has fought for and brought triumphantly from the field. He has, as a last effort, lifted his arms as he shouted, "Hail, we triumph!" but his strength has failed, and his whole weight is thrown on the right leg and bent knee and foot, which are doubled up as he falls.

"It has been attempted to give him the look of a soldier, fresh from a fierce fight:—his helmet is cleft in—his crest is shivered—his sword is displaced, and in the contest he has lost one sandal and greave.

"Right opposite Eucles, hesitating and distracted, is his wife; who is supposed to have rushed out with her newly-born infant, at hearing the voice of her husband;—his pale but smiling face—his bloody and exhausted look—his feeble attempt to fold her in his arms, and his dropping attitude, have told her at once the truth. With one foot in the act of going forward, she leans a little back on the other, and pressing her hand to her heated brain, seems afraid to believe the evidence of her convictions. Clinging below to his mother, is the eldest boy, recognising his dear father, but terrified at his appearance; and behind are the old nurse, and the aged father of Eucles,—the one thanking the gods his son is victorious though

dying, while the poor old woman is weeping at what she is supposed to have felt would be the truth, the moment she beheld her master.

"In front, on a step, is a figure springing forward to catch Eucles, while a young woman, seated on the step, is looking at him with great interest, and a young girl clinging to her, is regarding him with terror. Immediately above is a Greek on horseback in the domestic dress of the Greeks, with the Chlamys (or cloak) and Petasus (or pliable leather hat,) huzzaing."

Probably, it needs little beyond this brief description to point out the tragic affliction of this picture. Powerful and painful as it is, we had almost said we could revel in its sublimity, for such an epithet it truly deserves. The figure of the "pale, wounded, and dying" Eucles is admirably drawn. Mr. Haydon explains away an objection already raised to the foreshortening of the right leg and foot, (which has been considered violent,) by observing that "if the foot was in a simple, easy, straightforward position with the leg, all appearance of weakness instantly vanishes; but the muscles having quite lost their strength, the weight of the body and limbs presses on the foot, and the foot is doubled sideways, as it is unable to keep its straightforward appearance from the muscles having lost their vigour." Thus we leave the disputed point, for the grand effort of representing a soldier "fresh from a fierce fight." This may be painfully accomplished, yet how is the woe sharpened by the opposite figure of the wife of Eucles. Over the agonies of exhaustion and death, terrifically depicted in the face of Eucles, gleams a faint and feeble smile of affectionate joy at the sight of his wife: *her* attitude and expression too are those of distraction and woe, and the struggle is still heightened by the fond boy, and the figures in the back of the scene. In short, it would be difficult to give the reader an idea of the effect with which the sublime pathos of this picture strikes the spectator. Our mind's-eye, as it were, saddens at its recollection, and we must enjoy its perfections more to ourselves than at a "private view," as on Saturday, which to say the truth, from the crowd of visitors, was more like a public day.

The picture has been purchased in fifty shares of ten guineas each; but its possessor remains to be decided.

"Eucles" has laid so strong a hold on our sympathies, that "Punch," with its gaieties and gravities must stand over

\* To give an idea of the appearance of a warrior directly from a battle, Bourrienne says, in his *Memoirs* of Napoleon, that Marmont came directly from the battle, near Paris, to meet La Fitte, Perigieux, and himself, to consult about the propriety of surrendering the city. Bourrienne says Marmont could hardly be recognised, he had not shaved for eight days; his great coat was torn to pieces with shot, and his face and figure so black with smoke and powder, it was frightful to see him.

till our next number; the humour of the subject will not evaporate in the meantime.

## The Naturalist.

SUGAR CANES.



By Dr. Macfaylen, of Jamaica.

THIS precious plant is supposed to be a native of the East Indies. From the East Indies it was carried by merchants, towards the close of the thirteenth century, to Arabia, whence the cultivation of it soon extended to Nubia, Egypt, and Ethiopia. The Moors introduced it into Spain. The Spaniards conveyed it to the Canaries in the beginning of the fifteenth century. From the Canaries it was imported to St. Domingo, and now forms one of the staple articles of trade of the whole of the West India islands.

The sugar cane (*saccharum officinarum*) may be considered as the production of the highest effort of the power of vegetation. In almost all other plants, it is only during the germination

of the seed, the most active period of their lives, that the sweet principle is to be detected. In the cane it is at all times to be found, and *that* in quantities surpassing what exists in all other plants put together. The cane is a plant of a warm latitude, its growth being in proportion to the heat of the climate, and the fertility of the soil. In the West India islands, it is in the plains that the cane reaches all the perfection of which it is capable. Yet even here, according to report, its size and luxuriance are inferior to what it attains in Madagascar, the Isle of France, and the districts of the East, more immediately beneath the Equator. Like all gramineous plants, it delights in rather a moist climate. When the rains, however, are excessive, a rank luxuriance is the consequence, unfavourable to the maturation of the plant, the juices it affords being watery, and deficient in the saccharine principle, yielding on crystallization a dark-coloured sugar. It is a peculiarity of the sugar cane, in the West India islands, that it refuses to perfect its seed. Ever since its cultivation in the Island of Jamaica, it has been raised from cuttings of the joints. By these innumerable subdivisions it has been continued to the present time, retaining all the characters and peculiarities of the parent plant. There are, in reality, only a very few plants in the islands—the canes which cover our fields being strictly not distinct beings, but prolongations of a few individuals—their origin derived from the enlargement of one part removed by division to another. The case is different in the East. Here we can point out few varieties; there along the banks of the Ganges, its native region, it perfects its seed, and may be raised in this manner, presenting innumerable varieties, corresponding to what we observe in all plants produced in this manner—the offspring seldom presenting a strict similarity to its parent stock.

We now come to consider the peculiar method of preparing the soil previously to entrusting it with the plant cane. In the common practice, parallel trenches are dug, little more than six inches in depth, and the same in breadth; a hard bank being left on each side on which the earth removed from the trench is raised. The defect of this system is, that only a slight depth of soil is brought into cultivation, whilst the hard ridge left on each side of the cane-hole must give a very limited space for the development of the roots, and consequently restrict the plant in its supply of nou-



ishment. A more commendable plan is followed by a few, who are in the habit, previously to digging the trenches or cane-holes, of turning up the whole land with the plough. If the cattle pens are placed upon it, after the soil has been thus loosened, and the cane-holes are then dug with the hoe, we have a right to expect from the ground all the returns of which it is capable. Having thus prepared the soil, the cuttings of the cane are to be placed at the bottom of the furrow, and slightly covered with soil—the bank formed in digging the cane-hole being left undisturbed. It has been a question with some, whether it be of importance to take the cuttings from any particular part of the stem of the cane. The top is usually employed, being otherwise useless. We may, however, naturally ask, whether a part more rich in saccharine juices ought not to be preferred. The plant having appeared above ground, the bank left in digging the cane-hole is returned and applied to the roots of the cane. Little is done for sometime, except weeding. As the canes spring up, however, this operation is superseded; the weeds disappearing as the ground comes to be shaded. About this time thrashing becomes necessary. This is performed by removing the lower leaves of the stem, or such as have begun to fade, and laying them along the rows. The superabundant suckers are at the same time removed. The benefits of thrashing are, that the cane is enabled to shoot out; and as, after attaining a certain height, it is apt to bend near the root and lodge, the bed of thrash or dried leaves prevents its touching the ground where it would be apt to root, to the great injury of the quality of the sugar. The sun and air also are enabled to penetrate to their stems, without which they would never arrive at a proper state of maturation. The plant-cane requires from fourteen to sixteen months for its perfect maturation. The arrowing of the cane is a sign of its attaining its full growth. It takes place at the end of autumn, continuing to come out for several months. It is desirable that the cane should be cut as early after this as possible. Were it, on the contrary, cut while the arrow was about to make its appearance, it would be found unfit for the purpose of sugar-making. I need scarcely add, that as the cane only flowers at one period of the year, it is merely those fields which at that period have made some approach to maturity, that come into arrow. Thus canes which ripen in May are cut

down without undergoing this process. — *Abridged from Professor Hooker's Quarterly Botanical Miscellany. Part II.*

The cuts represent two varieties of the cane:—1. The common West India cane. 2. The East Indian, or Batavian cane, with violet-coloured bark. Between the canes are transverse sections, and pieces cut and peeled, which further explain the physiology of this extraordinary plant.

The manufacture of sugar from the juice of the cane is an interesting process; but from the space requisite for its detail, must be deferred.

## SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals

### CARTHAGINIAN COMICALITIES:

BY ONE OF THE PUN-IC SCHOOL.

Punning is a talent which no man affects to despise, but he who is without it.—*Suet.*

TIM TITTLE, THE TOPER.

TIM TITTLE was a drunken wight,  
In fact, a downright sot,  
Whose friends with grief saw every night  
Tim going fast to pot.

Yet still he kept his spirits up,  
By pouring spirits down;  
And, whenever he went out to sup,  
He sopped his cares to drown!

Tim drinking loved of every sort,  
No matter where he went;  
For sailors' healths he drank in port,  
And soldiers' pledged in tent.

Of Lisbon he would swallow much,  
Like Lisbon's famed earthquakes;  
And holland's drank with all the Dutch,—  
With sextons, grave would take.

Old Aock he loved—nay, if 'twas new,  
He could it not decline;  
And yet 'tis said, that of the two,  
He'd choose the elder wine.

With millers he'd toss sack each day,—  
With gardeners, shrub at lunch;  
And oft he'd drink old car away  
With showmen over punch.

In Wales, of mountain he'd his fill—  
With parsons drank pure rum;  
With coachmen, lots of cape would swill—  
With silent women, mum!

Of porter, Tim could carry much,  
Though not as porters stout;  
But ale he seldom dared to touch,  
It all'd with the gout.

Yet Tim was called a bragging elf,  
And lied beyond belief;  
For oft-times he would, pique himself  
On drinking Tenerife.

As happy as the king was Tim,  
Nor feared his royal frown,  
And boasted he would not give him,  
Six shillings for his crown.

But yet Tim was a loyal chap,  
And he, to shun all harms,  
Would always take his nightly nap,  
Fast locked in the King's Arms.

And that the king oft thought of him,  
By many folks 'twas said;  
For every day this loyal Tim  
Would run in the King's Head.

Though fat as any prize-show pig,  
Tim's mind on wedlock ran;  
But, ah! the girls thought him *too big*  
To be a single man.

And Tim, who never in his life  
Through courtship liked to wade,  
Wished a *maid ready* for a wife,  
But no wife *ready made*.

Poor Tim was taken ill at last,  
No hopes could physic give;  
Said he, "Alas! my *die* is cast,  
And long I cannot *live*."

The doctors came and looked full wise,  
Which proved Tim's ills no jest;  
His pipe of port within him lies,  
Turned water in the chest.

He, therefore, ere the ills he bore  
Too much his health had sapped,  
Or Death tapped at his chamber-door,  
Must have his body tapped.

"Ah, no!" quoth Tim, "I'll ne'er agree  
To be the *butt* and scoff  
Of fools, and have a *cock* in me,  
To draw the liquor off."

"Besides, when I've a vessel tapped,  
In one short week at most,  
To fly away the *spirits*' apt,  
Or else give up the ghost!"

As naught could Tim's resolve subdue,  
'Gainst tapping in the side,  
He day by day more weakly grew,  
And in a fortnight died.

No pompous funeral he had—  
No friend to shed a tear;  
Six *tapsters* were his *mourners* sad,  
Six *porters* bore his *bier*!

Monthly Magazine.

#### A TALE OF THE SPANISH WAR.

It was during the exterminating warfare which characterized the invasion of Spain by the French, that a small body of Cuirassiers, detached from the main division, had halted for the night at a village called Figueras. The appearance of this company was to the poor inhabitants a source of disagreeable anticipations, actuated as they were by natural antipathy to a domineering foe, and by anxiety for the little property acquired by the toil of congregated years. "What ho!" cried the leader of the soldiery, as he stopped before the gate of the monastery, the only house in the hamlet that appeared capable of rendering any tolerable accommodation; "Open your doors, or, by my valiant Sovereign, all your Aves will not profit you," and as he spoke he struck the portal with his sword, as if to prove his threats would speedily be enforced, if a ready acquiescence were not accorded to his mandates.

There was silence for a time, as though the inmates were deliberating on what course to pursue; and then the figure of an aged man became apparent, as with trembling hands he loosed the fastenings which secured the dwelling. He bore a torch, whose gleam threw a murky glare upon the

men at arms, and served but indistinctly to illumine the gloomy court. "Save you!" said the French Colonel ironically, at the same time making a lowly obeisance, "I hear my superior's greetings to your holy body, and expect good fare for my commands: the cellars are well stored, no doubt?" A crimson glow for a moment flushed the pallid cheek of the venerable father, as La Ville (for that was the colonel's name) concluded his address; but it passed instantly away, and he returned no response save by a gentle inclination of the head.

La Ville regarded not his emotion, but, ordering his soldiers to dismount and place their chargers in the spacious courtyard, entered the solemn pile accompanied by his brother officers. The clang of the spurs as they paced along the vaulted passages, escorted by their aged guide, too plainly announced to the monks the propinquity of their enemies—those wonted scoffers of all the sacred ordinances of religion, for such a character had they acquired: partly true, but principally founded on the misrepresentations of those who were well aware how much such a belief would kindle patriotic zeal against them.

As they entered the refectory, the assembled brethren rose from their seats, and calmly viewed the haughty intruders. "Excuse me, Fathers!" exclaimed La Ville, awed into respect by their dignified demeanour, "but my men require repose, and in these troublous times, as little courtesy is needed, I have that plea to warrant this intrusion; my men must be provided with good cheer, or else—" and he touched the hilt of his sabre significantly. "But," he continued, "I hope there will not be occasion for proceeding to extremities, the odds are too much in our favour."—"Sir," replied the abbot, "your wishes must be obeyed, were even our desire to serve you less."—"I deem, if I relied on that, my entertainment were but very poor."—"This is an unkind opinion," returned the superior; "deeds will convince you of its fallacy." So saying, he motioned them to sit down, and commanded the servants to load the table with the best the monastery could afford.

The table soon groaned beneath the weight of delicacies, and cordiality usurped the place where distrust so lately reigned. The abbot left the apartment for a brief interval, and speedily returned, followed by two attendants bearing immense silver vessels filled with luscious and delicious wine.

"Now, tell me candidly," exclaimed a young officer but lately arrived from the military college, "tell me if you have any pretty damsel here—you understand me, a niece or so, to benefit by your pious admonitions." The eye of the superior shone with wrathful glare at the speaker, and then a bitter smile passed across his features. "Fear not," he replied, "for this night's entertainment will be better than any you shall hereafter enjoy; but Heaven forbid we should harbour such polluted beings as you allude to!" "Ay," replied La Ville, "at least for irreligious laymen, who know not how to temper their love-suits with pious sighings for the great iniquity of our frail natures: but a truce with raillery, and let us taste the wine; nothing so much promotes good fellowship."

"But, good father," he continued, as he filled a goblet with the sparkling wine, "you must pledge me in a bumper, so fill your glass." "The rules of our order forbid us to indulge in wine," answered the abbot, "and therefore you must excuse me, or my brethren, from tasting of the ruby produce of the vine." La Ville smiled ironically, as though he thought it was hypocrisy on the father's part in refusing to drink any thing stronger than the liquid spring of water. He raised the goblet to his lips, but placed it again untasted on the board. The monks looked upon the movement with suspicious eye, as if to seek solution for the Frenchman's act.

"Suspicion strikes me," cried La Ville sternly, "and if my surmise prove correct, this shall be the last exploit you will enact. Fellow soldiers! taste not the wine, it may be poisoned: such deeds have been performed before, and by monastic artifice." As the speaker thus addressed his auditors, every eye was rivetted on the superior, whose countenance afforded no credit to the colonel's surmise. "Drink of the wine first," continued La Ville, "you and your brethren, and then we will follow your example." The abbot raised his eyes to Heaven, and seemed for a moment buried in meditation; then taking the proffered cup, swallowed the contents. The entire confraternity also drank the potion.

"Now are you satisfied?" he inquired; "now are your ungenerous doubts resolved?"—"Yes!" replied the French; "and here we pledge to you, good fathers. Cup succeeded cup, as the elated soldiers, delighted with their superior entertainment, sought to take advantage of their present favourable

quarters. "Believe me," stammered out a jovial lieutenant, "we will ever prove grateful for the kindness we have experienced, and mayhap, I may send in exchange for this Sauterne, a lovely girl of mine, the beauteous Louise."—"A poor exchange," retorted another—"nothing so true as wine, nor so fickle as woman."—"When our royal eagle waves over the entire land," cried La Ville, "the brethren of this monastery shall be amply rewarded for their hospitality, and—" "Stop your kind commendations," interrupted the abbot; "that day you shall never behold: base tools of violence, hear me, and shudder at my words: know that the wine we drank was poisoned! Start not! our country claimed the sacrifice, and willingly we did our duty—and though the pangs of death are fast approaching, yet the thought that you, our enemies, must die with us, is balsam to the tortured body. Does not the venom even now rankle in your veins? Speak, slaves! speak!"

Consternation seized the French as they listened to the dreadful declaration, and even then the agonizing throbs declared how true was the assertion. Madly they rushed on their betrayers, but death was already enacting his part, and stayed their impetuous hands. Soon the smothered groan, the frightful scream, the mingled prayer and curse, rose on the silent ear of night.—The morning came; and of the many who had entered on the previous evening into the monastery, not one remained to quit its gloomy precincts.

*United Service Journal.*

## Notes of a Reader.

### RURAL HAPPINESS.

[We are very fond of Home Tours, probably from topography being the first study with which we commenced our literary labours. The "*Garden Culls*" of Mr. Loudon in his valuable Magazine accordingly afford us much interest, and we must extract from one of them as natural a piece of writing as ever proceeded from any descriptive pen. It relates to a tract along which we travelled during seven years to our *first school*, and if we have overrated its merits, the reader will attribute such partiality to early impressions.]

No outlet from London has been more improved within the last fifteen years than the road to Edgware, which from passing through naked grass fields, with here and there, a miserable cottage,

farm-house, or a hay-barn, is now bordered by villas and gardens, vying with each other in architectural taste, in the display of flowers, exotic trees and shrubs, and in what no foreigner can form an idea of who has not been in the country, English turf and gravel. The hills on the road have been lowered, the direction of the road straightened, its width regulated, and its surface Macadamised. The churchyard has been enlarged, and surrounded by an elegant iron railing; we wish two dozen of exotic trees, and as many shrubs of so many distinct species, had been scattered over the surface, the walks better arranged, gravelled, bordered with trees and a few perennial flowers, and a few creepers planted against the church; but one step on the road of improvement having been taken, these and others will, no doubt, succeed in due time. New almshouses are building a little beyond Edgware. We confess we do not like the sight of such buildings perpetually recurring through the country, as if it were a condition of human nature that a certain portion of society must live on alms. We would rather see a parochial school-house, library, museum, and garden; and we can prophetically see such buildings rising up from the hands of local architects and builders, by command of parliament and the vestries, all over the country.

The road from Edgware to St. Albans is very retired, and almost wholly pastoral or agricultural. Some few of the cottages and gardens which border it appear comfortable; but not many. The doors of those of the lowest class were open, and we could see mothers and their children seated at little tables, with cups and saucers and a small loaf before them, but without a table-cloth; the men, doubtless, at work in the fields, had carried with them their bread and bacon. The landlord of the public-house at Ellestree, a man apparently more than usually religious, described to us the manner in which three men had, ten days before, been drowned in the reservoir. Four companions, somewhat intoxicated, went to take a sail on the Sunday afternoon, and fell overboard; only one of them, who could swim, was saved. They were single men, and bad characters; and the parish, he observed, would be rather a gainer by their loss than otherwise. How dreadful to have such a tribute to one's memory paid by a neighbour! The very idea of it seems enough to reform a man. A new inn in the out-

skirts of St. Albans, in the Dunstable road, has an ample garden, not made the most of. Such a piece of ground, and a gardener of taste, would give an inn so situated so great a superiority, that every body would be tempted to stop there; but the garden of this Boniface exhibits but the beginning of a good idea. Everything that creates an allusion to home ought to be encouraged at an inn; and, therefore, every place of entertainment, from the smallest hedge-alehouse upwards, ought to have a large garden, a library more or less extensive, a book of country maps, a road-book, a Shakspeare, a Don Juan (purified copies, of course,) a newspaper, and one periodical or more. In many parts of Germany, the commonest public-houses have pianofortes, because there all are musicians and dancers. Freedom from national debt, and a thorough general school education, *high and equal* would soon render us so, and, in fact, make us every thing to which man, in our latitude, may hope to attain. The road to Dunstable has been greatly improved by the first of road-makers, as Macadam is the first of road-menders, Mr. Telford. At Dunstable, notwithstanding the number of workers in plait-straw, we could find no one to undertake the manufacture of our Epinal hat. The objection was, that the straw did not require to be plaited, that the hats were only calculated for poor people, and that the poor would never buy a thing that was in no case used by the rich; an argument from which the rich may learn how to introduce good fashions among the poor. The very small village of Flitwick is composed of as miserable cottages as any in England; the inhabitants, following no manufacture, and having very little agricultural employment, derive a great part of their scanty subsistence from the poor-rates. The men are said to be almost all poachers, and three-fourths of them, we were told, had been on the tread-wheel; some had been transported, one belonged to the Cat-street conspiracy, and one or two have been hanged.

#### CREATION.

##### *A Poem. By William Ball.*

[THIS is a work of remarkable interest and ingenuity. It has much of the depth and vigour as well as the gracefulness of true poetry, and it comes to us with the recommendation of originality. The subject is indeed a vast one, in which the most servid fancy may

luxuriate to repletion, and genius almost bewilder itself with its own blaze. Yet Mr. Ball does not belong to this school of poetry, whose writings have lately received quite as much attention as they merit. On the contrary, the writer before us has more of the soft-breathing soul of humility than is usually met with in such poets, and although many of his verses breathe adoration and love of his subject, yet he is never overtinged with fanatical fire, nor betrayed into ecstasies which have more of the glitter of fine words than the delightful harmony of poetical inspiration.

Our first extract precedes a delightful picture of creative beauty: thus—]

In bright or sullen layers, concentric, deep,  
Are cast the bases of innum'rous worlds:  
Long ages roll away, and yet no change,  
No scaring harbingers of slow decay.  
Hath touch'd the wondrous fabric; and shall

foot  
All future to all past, and time shall end,  
Ere, smoke by dual ruin, shall dissolve  
The solid piles tremendous, crush'd to dust,  
To air, to nothing: blasted by red fire,  
And swept away, all mortal things impure,  
Shall cease to be for ever. Time shall stop;  
His cry the despaired, his grey locks unbelov'd;  
To bulky Naught enchain'd, he moves no more:  
That felon Death shall die; eternal peace  
With life eternal reign, changeless and pure,  
Perfect and firm as immortality.  
As vast, as wonderful, and as divine;  
Great heritage of the great heirs of God.

Again I turn to thee, oh Earth! in thee  
Crescent and multifarious and many-hued,  
Fair vegetation, through the cloven sod,  
Its million fibres pushes, warm with life.  
Young flowers adorn the land, and stately trees,  
With shady vesture grove, diffuse and sad,  
The mountain's nakedness and shame conceal.  
Wide garments green, now vivid and now dark,  
Kewrap the broad, round sides of well-pleased  
Earth,

Fringe the deep rivers and bedeck the rocks,  
Reluctant, their large limbs, with gay attire,  
To ornament or hide: endless in form,  
In colour, strength, and qualities occult,  
In habits and in size, shoot forth all plants.  
Those tuft the mountain's tops, these crawl the  
ground;

While some frequent the dry and lonely sands,  
And others plunge beneath the deepest wave  
Of booming ocean: vigorous some, austere,  
Dissuainful and sublime, sojourn alone;  
Of frailer texture others, suppliant, cling  
To natures of more poise, and glad, accept  
Dependence for protection. Human tongue  
Their numbers cannot reckon; human thought  
Their various shapes imagine, or their fruits,  
Noxious or wholesome, name; their sapid  
pulp,

In flavour sweet or tart, juicy or dry,  
Are destin'd for continuous repasts,  
In aftertimes, to flatter or appease  
Hunger or appetite, of brute or man.  
Their solid trunks, soft stems, bark, fibres, sap,  
Give him a shelter from inclement skies,  
And ships to cross the main; engines to sail,  
Dreant and needful raiment, medicine, all  
That makes life grateful, makes life possible.

To our necessities some minister; but more  
Unto our pleasures serve; the race of flowers,  
Gentle and graceful, lend to the coarse earth  
Fortune and ornament; close thickets yield  
Freshness and shade or soften'd light serene,  
Or playful, as when, after summer show'rs,

The whole umbrageous covert twinkling shines  
Glist'ring with falling gems. The fringed palm,  
Solemn as orient lord, idly beholds,  
Benignant the subjacent plain, and waves  
His long and hairy arms in peace and joy,  
Majestic and delighting: bristly the pine  
Climbs, hardy, to the mountain's icy crest,  
And hears the angry thunder and the storm,  
Unth'nk'd, to lavish verdure evergreen  
Upon a hideous and blasted rock,  
As kindness on ingratitude, on vice,  
Erring, its bounty, too profuse, bestows.  
The shallow brook, penurious and slow,  
Is pranked with humble rushes, water weeds  
And long green grass and flowers: or, in the  
wave,

Plashes the dipping willow. On the tower,  
Of other, later days, man's toil and pride,  
Bruis'd by great Time dishonouring, and stained  
Round which sad waters flow and loud winds  
sing,

Fair emblems of free tears and praises high,  
Fantastic garlands of fond ivy creep,  
Meet honours for its long enduring age:  
It pictures true a warrior battle worn,  
A human ruin, voiced by fame, that sleeps,  
The combat o'er, locked in the vain embrace  
Of laurels, in the tomb of victory.

The life-bestowing power is still on earth  
Still vigorous and warm, and the gross air  
And wand'ring wave it saturates and fills  
With insect forms that baffle human search,  
Nor tell their numbers to inquiring man,  
Their ages, uses, functions, pains, or joys,  
Capacities or origin or end.  
A petty volume is each humble form,  
Replete with wonders bound in elfin shapes;  
Some horrible and foul, evil and dire,  
And others, fine as air, flash sudden light,  
Coloured like richest gems, shaped or misshaped  
Like morning fancies, when the sleeping brain  
Teems with fantastic beauty. Wings have they,  
And wondrous eyes, horns, legs, and tails, and  
stings,

Distracting with variety immense.  
Of hue, mien, habits, polity and powers.  
From out their millions, chief the ant and bee,  
The wisest of earth's creatures, might teach  
man.

Could man, conceited, learn, that all his skill  
Attains not to the wisdom calm and just,  
By providence in gracious bounty, lent  
To these sage, grave, and happy citizens,  
That ruled by few, by simple, perfect laws,  
To us unknown, ne'er quit the narrow path  
Of painful duties useful, nor demand  
One private good stol'n from the general weal.

[A reflective passage at the close of  
the first book occurs to us as very beau-  
tiful:]

One thrilling truth is known, that all must  
die;

And though high wisdom merciful permits,  
All to forget these tidings terrible,  
Yet not forgets the ancient phantom dire  
To seize and fling the number'd shaft that brings,  
To the defenceless bosom, that last pain  
That snaps the chords of life; what glorious  
hopes

May gild that evil day, what splendour pure,  
Outglancing from the solemn mists immense  
That o'er our being hover, may, sublime,  
Flame through the valley dark, as sense decays  
And lets its lightnings in, another hour,  
Perchance, may tell: if to my willing tongue  
Come the bold notes inspired: till then unsung  
I leave the mighty lesson and forbear  
To touch, with hand unsure, a theme so high.

[Our extracts are few, but we hope  
sufficient to recommend Mr. Ball's poem  
to the further attention of our readers  
as a work which may be read with plea-

## THE MIRROR.

surable advantage, and bearing in every page a strong impress of genius and high promise.]

### ON EMIGRATION.

*By the Rt. Hon. R. W. Horton, M. P.*

THE principle of emigration is as clearly laid down in the 13th chapter of the Book of Genesis, as in the history of Greece and Rome, where it was resorted to as an expedient, self-evident, safe, and successful, whenever a practical inconvenience arose from too crowded a population. In the 13th chapter of Genesis it is stated, that "Abram went up out of Egypt, he and his wife, and all that he had, and Lot with him, into the South. And Abram was very rich in cattle, in silver, and in gold.

And Lot also, which went with Abram had flocks, and herds, and tents. And the land was not able to bear them, that they might dwell together: for their substance was great, so that they could not dwell together. And there was a strife between the herdsmen of Abram's cattle, and the herdsmen of Lot's cattle. And the Canaanite and the Perizzite dwelled then in the land. And Abram said unto Lot, let there be no strife, I pray thee, between me and thee, and between my herdsmen and thy herdsmen: for we be brethren. *Is not the whole land before thee? Separate thyself, I pray thee, from me.* If thou wilt take the left hand, then I will go to the right; or if thou depart to the right hand, then I will go to the left. And, Lot lifted up his eyes, and he beheld all the plain of Jordan, that it was well watered everywhere, before the Lord destroyed Sodom and Gomorrah, even as the garden of the Lord, like the land of Egypt, as thou comest unto Zoar. Then Lot chose him all the plain of Jordan, and Lot journeyed east, and they separated themselves the one from the other." Is it to be understood that this advice on the part of Abram was barbarous, ignorant, war-torn, and presumptuous, and a cruel and revolting expedient, and that, to avoid the charge of diabolical impiety, the suggestion which Abram ought to have offered would have been, to concentrate the population separately belonging to the two patriarchs, for the purpose of putting in action that law of nature which the author\* states that he has discovered, and which he asserts to be the true principle of population, viz. that "the fecundity of human beings varies inversely as their numbers on a given

\* Mr. Sadler, in his work on Ireland.

space?" It cannot be pretended that the land, in a state of pasture, was not capable of producing more food for man. Consequently, when it is said that "the land was not able to bear them," it can only be asserted with reference to the manner in which the land was then occupied. It could not be that the land was not *intrinsically* fertile enough to produce more food, but that the parties would be more easily maintained in separation than in conjunction.

I would not have it supposed that I introduce this illustration of Abram and Lot, as bearing closely on the doctrine of emigration. I refer to it only as showing that the Bible records that, in the very infancy of society, the inconvenience of a crowded society was avoided by separation, rather than by concentration. In countries not separated from other countries by the ocean, this spread of population takes place naturally. In the case of an island, the only difference is, that the interposition of the ocean prevents that natural arrangement which would take place, if the dense population bordered upon fertile and unoccupied land. I was informed by M. Simond, to whom Mr. Sadler has justly referred, as a person eminently acquainted with the condition of the poor in different countries, and who is as zealous a friend of emigration as any man in Europe, that a greater expense would be necessary, to remove a pauper from New York to the back settlements of the United States, than to remove him from Ireland to Canada.

### Manners & Customs of all Nations.

#### RUSSIAN FUNERAL.

*By "the Hermit in Russia."*

FUNERAL processions (says our hermit) had frequently defiled under my windows; but I had not hitherto witnessed the celebration of burial service according to the rites of the Greek church. At eleven o'clock this morning I paid a visit, therefore, to the monastery of Newsky, for the purpose of attending the interment of Count Peter Razoumovsky. My sledge followed swiftly the track which the grain had taken; branches of cypress were fixed in the snow, and indicated the course which the funeral car had pursued: I entered one of the five churches, where prayers had already begun; the door of a pew was opened to me, and my eyes were immediately attracted by the bier and the host of assistants which surrounded



it. The choristers of this convent stand next in name to those belonging to the court; they were chanting the Kyrie elieson; the sacred portal flew open, and the archbishop metropolitan pronounced a blessing on the congregation, saying—" *Mio vsem!* Peace be with you all!" He had two candelabra in his hands, which were crossed over his bosom. The bishops of the holy synod, the arch-priests, deacons, and monks, clad in their funeral vestments, encircled the altar; the body of the deceased was deposited in the centre of the nave, the bier being covered with cloth of gold and silver, and surmounted with a canopy; the count's coronet was placed upon it; but there were neither sable draperies nor a catafalque: the relatives and friends of the deceased, together with several state dignitaries, were grouped on each side of the nave, and his servants, in mourning attire, occupied the lower part of the church, where a large concourse of people had assembled.

After the epistle and gospel, and prayers for the royal family had been said, the sacred portal was closed, and the scarlet curtain which conceals it fell and closed the sanctuary from observation. While the holy mysteries were celebrating, the choir performed a sweet and plaintive chorus in that beautifully simple style which is peculiar to religious melody in Russia. The music having ceased, a curtain drew up, and the pontiff and high altar stood before us: after the mass was over, the officiating prelate, escorted by a long train of clergy, passed through the sacred portal, arrived in solemn procession behind the bier, and recited the prayers for the dead; the prelate bearing a cross covered with crape. I never witnessed a more imposing sight; the whole of the ecclesiastics were ranged in two files, and, in an instant, the holy temple blazed with the light of a thousand tapers; for every person who took part in the ceremony had one given to him. The deacons then sang couplets, to which the choir responded; a ceremony far exceeding in length the absolutions of the Catholic church. The officiating minister now drew forth a parchment, which contained the remission of sins; he read it to the collected throng, and placed it in the hands of a priest, who, by means of an aperture left in the bier, deposited it on the breast of the deceased. This done, a deacon approached the bier and called the deceased by name in a loud voice; every light was instantaneously extinguished; and this was a signal for conveying the body to the

cemetery, which is situated in the interior of the convent. — *Translated in Foreign Literary Gazette.*

#### RUSSIAN SUPERSTITIONS.

*From the same.*

We were taking our tea with M<sup>de</sup>. \*\*\* , when M. d'Erbaïn raised his creaking voice and pronounced the Russians to be the most superstitious people on the face of the globe. "Don't you know," said he, "that in many houses salt, sans a seller, is put upon table, in order to prevent an unlucky capsize? Are you not aware that nothing of importance is undertaken on a Monday? Have you never seen a nurse shrink in dismay when you have extolled the freshness and good looks of her child, and don't you know that she is convinced your praise will dry the babe to a mummy? Have you never seen the common people spit behind them to drive away the devil? Don't you know that persons in mourning are deemed of fatal augury in all societies, particularly at christenings, nuptial doings, and festive banquets?" When the Russian peasantry perceive that they do not succeed with beasts of one colour, they change them for another; chickens, turkeys, ducks, and all that fry, are comprised in the sentence. Nay, were you to give them a cow, differing in the slightest degree from their favourite tint, they would get rid of it, for fear she should place the whole establishment in jeopardy. M. d'Erbaïn upbraided the Russian ladies also with their taste for ghost stories. Every region has its story-teller: Prince Belloselsky, a man of extremely amiable character, had a most delightful imagination in all that concerned the "bogles:" he was one evening at a large party, when the ladies stormed him *en masse*, with—"Dear prince, pray set our hair on end!" The prince required that every light should be put out, excepting a single candle, which was to be left in an adjoining apartment. He began his tale, which depicted a ghost advancing slowly, on solemn tiptoe, to the side of a certain person's bed. The narrator had been spreading out his hand on a marble table for some minutes; the tone of his voice was hollow and sepulchral; on a sudden, he clapped his ice-cold hand on the naked shoulder of the mistress of the house; a shriek of horror burst from her; the whole party sprang on their legs, and rushed into the next apartment: one of the ladies, in her fright, overset the light, utter darkness ensued, and the

general panic was redoubled : their cries brought the servants with the blessing of light ; and the prince had enough on his hands before he could persuade them there was nothing to fear. " Why, ladies," said he, "'tis your own fault ; you ordered me to set your hair on end ; how then could I refuse to make a draft upon my imagination and endeavour to please you ?" — *Ibid.*

### The Gatherer.

A snapper up of unconsidered trifles.  
SHAKESPEARE.

#### SIR BOYLE ROCHE.

SIR BOYLE (the Irish member) was a staunch courtier, who voted uniformly on the ministerial side, and it was universally allowed he did it more essential service by his address, than many others of equal zeal, and perhaps greater ability. " I wish," said he, one day, when opposing an anti-ministerial motion, " I wish, Mr. Speaker, this motion at the bottom of the bottomless pit." At another time, in relation to English connexion, he observed—" England, it must be allowed, is the mother-country, and, therefore, I would advise them (England and Ireland) to live in filial affection together like sisters as they are and ought be!" A question of smuggling practices in the Shannon being under consideration—" I would," said Sir Boyle, " have two frigates stationed on the opposite points at the mouth of the river, and there they should remain fixed, with strict orders not to stir ; and so, by cruising and cruising about, they would be able to intercept every thing that should attempt to pass between." These effusions never failed to excite laughter ; but though that national figure of speech, vulgarly called a *bull*, was that in which he most delighted to indulge, and which flowed most naturally from his tongue, he sometimes displayed, if not genuine wit, yet something akin to pointed satire and repartee. This was exemplified in his remarks upon a speech of Mr. Curran, containing the following passage : " The honourable and learned gentleman boasts that he is the guardian of his own honour ; I wish him joy on his sinecure." — *New Monthly Magazine.*

EPITAPH ON A MAGISTRATE, WHO HAD FORMERLY BEEN A BARBER.

HERE lies Justice ;—be this his truest praise :

He wore the wig which once he made, and learnt to shave both ways.

#### SUPERSTITION RELATING TO STAIRS.

PALLADIO tells us—" The ancients observed not to make the number of steps even to the end—that beginning to ascend with the right foot, they might end with the same foot, which they took to be a good omen, and with greater devotion so to enter the temple."

P. T. W.

At the battle of Fornova, under Charles VIII., there were a number of Italian knights, who, although overthrown, could not be killed, on account of the thickness and strength of their armour, till broke up, *like huge lobsters*, by the servants and followers of the army, with large wood-cutters' axes, each man at arms having three or four men employed about him.—*Grose*, vol. i. p. 106.

OVER the door of a vendor of varieties in a country village is—" Licensious dealer in Backy and Snuff."

A COUNTRY paper announces that a calico printer—" one day last week fell down dead and instantly expired."

THE K— Gazette gives in its obituary, an account of the death of a gentleman " who was killed by the upsetting of a coach aged forty-five."

A WIT remarked the other day that the Professors of a certain University bid fair to become *uranglers*.

#### HINT TO TRAVELLERS.

UPON a black board, besprinkled with white tears, and hung up in a public-house, in England, is the following inscription :—" This monument is erected to the memory of *Trust*, who was some time ago cruelly put to death by *Credit* ; a fellow who is prowling about the country plotting the ruin of all publicans."

#### AN ERROR IN GRAIN.

A WOMAN having fallen into a river, her husband went to look for her, proceeding up the stream from the place where she fell in. The by-standers said she could not have gone against the stream. The man answered, she was obstinate and contrary in her life, and he therefore supposed for certain, that she was the same at her death.

Printed and Published by J. LIMBIRD, 143, Strand, (near Somerset House,) London ; sold by ERNEST FLEISCHER, 696, New Market, Leipzig ; and by all Newsmen and Booksellers.